Northern Messenger

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THE HUNGER YEAR

By C. F. Bodsworth

For the Messenger.

THE clearing behind the Kirby cabin was brown and dry; the settler's ox bawled twice at the glaring sun, nuzzled in the parched sod amongst the stumps and then stumbled back to the shade of the woods. Even the leaves of the forest trees were turning brown and Burton Creek, gurgling along in front of the cabin, was not half its normal depth. Drought and famine threatened the Upper Canada pioneers and it was only June; the two hottest and driest months were still ahead.

In the doorway of the log-house Merritt Kirby gritted his teeth as the hunger pangs in his stomach sharpened. He turned his head slowly and gazed at the quarter bag of flour in the back corner, the only food left in the cabin.

"Dad said to save it," Merritt reminded himself sternly. "Leave the flour alone!"

For weeks the Kirby's had been living on bread and game from the forest. Three days earlier Merritt's parents had set out for Fort Niagara to buy flour and seed grain; but the yield on the pioneer farms was poor last year; there was not going to be a harvest this summer, and the chances of finding grain or flour for sale were slim.

"Try to make the bread that your mother has baked last until we get back," his father told him as they parted. "Save that flour, it might be all we'll have this summer."

The last of the bread had gone the night before and now stabs of hunger were beginning to bite at his stomach.

"Wonder what's keeping mother and dad, anyway," he muttered.

That night when Merritt crawled into his bed the gnawing feeling of hunger had given way to twinging spasms of pain. He rolled restlessly, then fell into a fitful sleep. Suddenly he awakened. A birch-bark canoe scraped on the gravel at the creek's edge in front of the cabin. Merritt rose quickly onto his elbow, listening tensely, looking about him into the darkness.

Then he saw it—the cabin door was wide open, and he had closed it securely before going to bed.

* * *

HE leaped out onto the floor and made a dash for the door. Faintly visible in the darkness a young Indian lad bent over a canoe down by the creek, he was pushing the birch-bark craft out into mid-stream. Merritt jumped through the doorway and sprinted towards him; there was something mysterious about this.

"THE CANOE SHOT AWAY FROM THE BANK."

The canoe shot away from the beach and the young redskin jumped into it. Merritt was right behind, leaping into the canoe with him, when he saw the white bag partly filled with flour lying in the bow. So that was it, eh? The Indian was stealing their flour. The Indian boy turned to face Merritt, swinging his paddle as he twisted his body. Merritt ducked the blow. The quick movement rolled the canoe and one gunwale went under. As the water of the creek poured in the two leaned quickly over to the other side to bring the canoe back onto an even keel. They were too quick, though, and this time the canoe capsized. Merritt and the Indian lad were thrown into the water.

The last of the Kirby family's flour settled to the bottom of Burton Creek. The canoe floated, bottom up, until it grounded on a sandy stretch of beach downstream. Three or four quick swimming strokes put Merritt in shallow water then he turned to await the young redskin. The Indian boy, puffing strenuously, crawled up onto the beach and Merritt jumped astride his body, pinning him down onto the sand.

"Why did you do it?" Merritt asked angrily. "Why did you steal the last of our flour?"

The Indian struggled, puffed more strenuously than ever. But his efforts seemed weak, the lad did not seem to possess any strength at all. Merritt easily overpowered him. He locked the young thief in the lean-to kitchen at the back of the main cabin by propping sticks against the door and then went back to his own bed. His prisoner

was safe; Merritt knew that it was impossible to break out of the back room of the shanty, but still he could not coax sleep into his tired, half-starved body. The hunger gnawed at his stomach and he thought dismally of that last quarter bag of flour that had been lost in the creek. There was still about a third of a bushel of wheat in the cabin that they were saving for seed. Would they have to eat that, too?

* * *

SLEEP eventually came to deaden the pain in Merritt's stomach. He awoke at daylight and went at once to the back kitchen; he took the props from the door and opened it slowly. The Indian boy was awake, crouched in the corner beside the door. Merritt glared down at him and tried to appear stern, but back of his harsh appearance, Merritt was wondering what he could do with his prisoner. Then, as he stared down at him, Merritt started in surprise. He noticed for the first time the dark, sunken eyes, thin bony arms and the Indian boy's general emaciated appearance. He bent over and gazed at the boy a little closer in the dim light of the early morn. The redskin lad stared back at Merritt, sullenly silent.

"How long since you've eaten?" Merritt asked him quickly.

"Days," the answer came back in a voice that sounded raspy and weak. "Many days."

"Where is your camp?"

"Thirty miles from here, far up Burton Creek," the lad answered. "But I left it; my mother, my father, they both died . . . no food. Woods all dry up and all the game leave . . . no food anywhere."

Merritt remained silent, gazing down at the impoverished form of the Indian boy. The lad had been raised far back in the backwoods and had not been taught the wrong in stealing. Could he really be blamed for his attempt to take the flour when it was probably his last chance for life, with starvation pinching at his stomach? Merritt shook his head. "I can't hold him responsible," he breathed quietly.

"What is your name?" Merritt asked him.

"They call me Shingoos, the weasel."

* * *

WITHOUT hesitation Merritt went to the bag of seed wheat and took out several handfuls of the valuable grain.

"It's all that we've got, Shingoos," Merritt told him, "and maybe it's all we'll have until next harvest except for wild roots and game. But I've got to feed you."

He boiled the whole grain at the fireplace and an hour later the two of them commenced spooning up the thick, half-cooked mush.

"Eat it slowly, and chew it up well," Merritt warned.

"SHINGOOS"

Merritt ate sparingly, just enough to disperse that gaunt feeling of emptiness that stabbed at his stomach. Shingoos wanted to spoon up the mush greedily, but Merritt forced him to eat slowly.

Two more days passed with no sign of Merritt's parents. The two boys in the Kirby cabin lived on their boiled wheat porridge and gradually that valuable seed grain dropped lower in the bag. Merritt continued to eat just enough to hold off that tormenting hunger-ache and slowly the color and shape came back to Shingoos' sunken cheeks. Shingoos showed Merritt wild roots and greens that made good food and now they often varied their monotonous diet.

On the sixth day after they set out on their search for provisions, Merritt's parents came back up the river trail. When he heard the creaking of the ox-cart and saw the one ox laboring feebly through the sand, Merritt rushed across the clearing to meet them. But at the side of the wagon box he stopped abruptly and stared open-mouthed up at his father and mother. The cart was empty, there was no seed grain to sow the Kirby clearing, no provisions.

* * *

GREETINGS were brief and lukewarm. Merritt listened silently to the story his father told.

"Conditions are very serious," Mr. Kirby told. "Everywhere food is scarce, you can't buy flour at any price. The settlers in many districts are living entirely on roots and game from the forests; disease, starvation are taking their toll and many have died from eating poisonous kinds of roots."

"It'd be useless to sow grain for nothing can grow in this heat and drought," Merritt stated to his father, "but we'll have to find some flour for the winter."

"It's critical all over the newly settled parts of the province; I don't know what we can do," and the serious tone in his father's voice struck Merritt very distinctly.

Shingoos was off in the woods digging Indian breadroots when Mr. and Mrs. Kirby arrived and Merritt had told the story of the lost flour before the Indian boy returned. Mr. Kirby felt badly about the loss, but he blamed neither Merritt nor Shingoos.

Next morning Merritt and Shingoos were left alone at the cabin while Merritt's parents set out through the woods in an effort to find a marsh of wild rice. All of the wild plants would have to be used for food from now on. The Indian boy came up to Merritt's side.

"Shingoos is strong, he will have to leave now," the redskin lad said.

Merritt turned and gazed at him sharply.

"But you don't have to leave, Shingoos," he said. "Where can you go?"

"I am a friend of the man who runs the mill at Niagara. I can go to him and maybe he will put me to work. Father worked for him once."

* * *

WITHIN a few minutes after he had made up his mind to leave the Kirby homestead Shingoos was standing beside his canoe ready to push off into Burton Creek.

"What is the animal carved at the handle?" Merritt asked as Shingoos picked up his paddle to place it in the canoe beside the stern thwart.

"My totem, Shingoos the weasel," the redskin boy answered, holding it up so that Merritt could see the weasel design carved in the handle.

Shingoos set the canoe in motion; it slid off the sand and he jumped into the stern. His paddle dipped into the creek and the craft shot downstream. The young Indian did not turn to wave or cry farewell and a few seconds later he had disappeared around the first bend. For several moments after he had gone Merritt stood by the edge of the stream and watched the rippling wake of Shingoos' canoe gradually disappear.

"I wonder if you realize how much you owe us," Merritt said to himself. "Our grain and flour saved you from the same fate that killed your parents and now we will have to live on roots from the forest; yet you go away without even saying thanks."

Merritt shook his head and walked back towards the cabin.

"You probably don't understand white men's ways enough to say 'please and thank you.' But you don't realize the debt you owe us, and you'll never be back to repay it."

* * *

THE conditions at the Kirby homestead grew more serious as another month of heat and drought left its devastating effect on the Upper Canada backwoods. Even the forest plants were becoming parched now and it was hard to find Indian breadroots, wild rice or lamb's quarter that had not been dried by the sun. The wild game seemed to have left the forests; there was nothing for food. In the Kirby cabin that bag of wheat was almost used up; they had been crushing it into a coarse home-made flour in a hominy-block that Merritt and his father had fashioned from an ironwood stump. Inside the log-house, Mr. Kirby gazed

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Bazen de Soum—Hero of the North

Because he was one of the better known alumni; because so many who saw him took an interest in him; but mostly because his life was as colorful as he himself was beautiful, the story of Bazen de Soum seems worthy of space in the magazine 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers'.

By Anna Kivimaki

BAZEN was a Great Pyrenees, one of the oldest breeds known. These majestic white dogs came originally from Tibet and it is thought that Phoenician traders brought a few to Spain, and thus they reached the mountains after which they are named. Bred for the past four centuries to defend sheep flocks against wolves and bears, they grew powerful of jaw, long and sturdy of limb, and well protected by coat.

Bazen de Soum was born at Lourdes, France, in 1930, and it was there that Miss Catherine Hedge of Brookline, Massachusetts, was so charmed by him that she brought him back as a gangling six-months-old pup to the United States.

By the time Bazen was two years old, Miss Hedge had married Franklin Hammond and they had settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Bazen had grown to his full size, approximately that of a young calf, and the Hammonds were forced to decide that they should send him to a place more suitable for him than the city.

* * *

MR. HAMMOND had served as a "wop' on the coast in 1920. Twelve years later when the Cluett sailed north with that year's crew of wops, Bazen was on board for his next long journey; this time to St. Anthony—the handsome gift of the Hammonds to Dr. Curtis. Three hundred years before that, the first Great Pyrenees dogs had been brought to Newfoundland. They had been crossed with black English retrievers, to originate the present-day Newfoundland breed of dogs.

Bazen was at St. Anthony for four years, during which time he was a well known figure at the station. Dr. Curtis's big Doberman Pinscher, Bill, would not tolerate a rival in his household, so Bazen was gleefully adopted by the tenants of Blackburn Cottage. And here I introduce myself into Bazen's story for I was fortunate to be one of the Blackburn tenants during three years of his stay.

Looking at Baz, it was easy to understand why the Dauphin, who later became Louis the 14th, had proclaimed the Great Pyrenees the royal dog of France. We all felt that his beauty added prestige to our household; and as soon as snow fell, we made a harness for him and discovered that he could be useful as well as ornamental. With Bazen to haul the provisions, outings became doubly enjoyable. Then in the fall and spring, he shed his long wool in great handfuls and Mrs. Adam Slade spun it into yarn like the finest angora. Kathleen Young and I even have heavy sweaters of pure dogwool.

But it was on our long winter trips that Bazen proved to have the kind of qualities which in the north are the real measure of a dog.

* * *

DURING my second winter in St. Anthony, I developed an irresistible desire to walk cross country to Flowers Cove—about sixty miles each way. With Bazen hauling all the equipment on a small komatik, I was able to make the trip on snowshoes. I could never have gotten there without him.

Storm bound for a day and a half on the way out, it took us four days to go across and three to come back. On the return trip, leaving Green Woods tilt, I thought we'd save time by heading straight across the White Hills instead of following the trail to Lock's Cove. After we'd been going for a couple of hours, a haze came up which gradually narrowed our horizon so that after a while the misty whiteness was like a bowl over us. Unable to see the White Hills, I lost my way, and in my fear that a storm was coming on, I pushed on as hard as I could. Only when it seemed as if I couldn't possibly take another step did I stop at all, and always the increasingly threatening feel in the air would spur me on. Every now and then I'd look back, and Baz was never far behind, patiently plodding along; the heavy komatik sinking down to the slats. It wasn't until after almost nine hours of steady walking that we came out at Billy's Harbor, just ahead of the storm.

* * *

WHEN I took off Bazen's harness, it was wet with blood. The blanket bound rope had slipped out of place and I had no idea for how long it had been sawing away under one of his forelegs with every step he took. He hadn't even limped, let alone whimpered.

Our longest trip was to Canada Bay and back; perhaps eighty miles each way over the route we took. On that trip, I took two young huskies as well as Baz.

On the second day out, a blizzard suddenly sprang up when we were at the bottom of the "arm" beyond Lock's Cove. I decided to head for a sealing shack on the island—which meant heading right into the storm. The dogs wouldn't face the blizzard on command, so, head bent, I walked ahead of them.

Suddenly above the howling of the storm, I heard Bazen barking savagely. I turned and the team was milling around in a knot. As I rushed toward them, I could see that Bazen had one of the black dogs by the back of the neck. My heart sank. Every minute the storm was growing thicker and the island fast becoming a blur. Of all times to start a fight!

I flew to get the dogwhip;—and then I saw the holes in the bag of sealmeat which was tied on top of the komatik box; the tell-tale shreds of burlap on the huskies' mouths, and the whole story was all too clear. They had turned in their traces and had gone for the dogfood. Bazen had the situation under control by the time I got there. When I got the traces straightened out and started off again, he kept the team right at my heels, and we made the island all right.

* * *

NIGHTS when I stayed in tilts, I kept my team inside. Bazen always crowded the huskies in a corner and stretched out in front of them. If they so much as stirred, a growl like an approaching thunderstorm made them settle back into place. He wasn't gifted with the born leaders' ability to find

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SOME ONE HAD PRAYED

The day was long, the burden I had borne
Seemed heavier than I could longer bear,
And then it lifted—but I did not know
Some one had knelt in prayer.

Had taken me to God that very hour
And asked the easing of the load, and He,
In infinite compassion, had stooped down
And taken it from me.

We cannot tell how often as we pray
For some bewildered one, hurt and distressed,
The answer comes—but many times those hearts
Find sudden peace and rest.

Some one had prayed, and Faith, a reaching hand
Took hold of God, and brought Him down that day;
So many, many hearts have need of prayer
Oh, let us pray.

—Grace Noll Crowell,
in The Log of the Columbia.

Curious Facts About Frogs

By Lois Boyd

FROGS are very ancient animals. Greek and Roman authors mention them, and a plague of frogs was suffered by the Egyptians in Bible times.

Perhaps it is because they are harmless and do not affect our everyday lives very closely that scientists were so slow to make any study of these little creatures.

During the centuries many superstitions have arisen connected with frogs. Several ancient writers speak of "showers of frogs" and one Heraclides Lembus in his history states: "In Paeonia and Dardania, it has, they say, before now rained frogs, that the houses and the roads have been full with them; and at first for some days the inhabitants, endeavoring to kill them and shutting up their houses, endured the pest; but when they did no good, and when they could not make use of any water, nor put their feet on the ground, for the heaps of frogs that were everywhere, and were annoyed also by the smell of those that died, they fled the country."

Quite as strange as the idea that frogs rained from the sky was the idea, proposed by Aristotle, that frogs were procreated from mud. It is not much more than two hundred years ago that the facts concerning the hibernation of frogs became known.

When the tiny tadpole is hatched in the spring he does not look like a frog at all. He has gills, no legs, a tail and a queer parrot-like beak.

During the first summer of his life he spends his time growing into a real frog; first his gills are absorbed then his hind legs grow out near the base of his tail; later his right arm comes out and then his left arm.

While his legs are growing his head structure changes, he loses his beak and acquires the wide mouth, characteristic of the frog. Last of all his tail is absorbed and his physical development is complete.

By the end of the summer he is a sure enough frog but only about half his adult size. When the cool days come in autumn the frog seeks for a sheltered place along the border of a pond and there he buries himself in the mud and hibernates to reappear, when the spring days come, as an adult frog ready to add his voice to the evening concert at the pond.

Just why the frog should have been associated with sorcerers and alchemists during the Middle Ages is hard to determine. But many a witch's brew had "toe of frog" among its ingredients and many a wretched sufferer was forced to swallow nauseating concoc-

tions in which powdered skin of a frog played a prominent part.

Among the ancient Chinese powdered toad skin was used in many medicines. Recent investigation have shown that this practice was not as foolish as it sounds, for adrenalin is produced in such compounds.

The toadstone was a treasure once eagerly sought for. Because the toad has such a gleaming brilliant eye it was believed that a marvellous jewel was concealed within its head. This jewel was supposed to possess magic powers; it could heal disease and prevent disaster if worn as charm or amulet. Shakespeare draws a moral on it in these famous lines:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

The idea that handling toads causes warts is still quite common but wholly untrue. The only precaution necessary when handling toads is to be sure that the secretion from their skin glands does not get into one's eyes or mouth. This may cause infection and serious difficulty, but it will not produce warts.

There are about two thousand species of tailless amphibians, but we call them all by the two common names of "frog" and "toad." The toad, strictly speaking, lives on land during the entire summer months while the frog inhabits both land and water.—Our Dumb Animals.

WINNING THROUGH THE YEARS

By CLARENCE DE MAR.

(One of America's best-known Marathon Runners)

WHY are so many successful marathoners older men? To what extent do they use alcohol? These and similar questions are often asked me, so here is an attempt to answer.

To begin with, the reason the five or ten leaders in a marathon often have a lot of older men among them is no reflection on youth. It simply means that marathoning, contrary to popular notion, does not wear a man out. It is a sport in which he can participate until well past middle age—and still be good.

Now as to the amount of drinking marathoners do, it is difficult to form dogmatic conclusions. That would be true of almost any group and any habit.

Let's take the first ten in the Washington National Championship race of June, 1937. From my observations at this and other races and from their own testimony, they use very little alcohol. Several, like myself, are total abstainers; one, of Scotch descent, drinks a little when it is free, but does not approve the habit. Another drank too much a couple of times years ago, but the liquor gave him such a headache that he swore off.

Not one man in the first ten can see any benefit in drinking.

As a man of fifty I have problems enough to compete successfully with the best runners and to support five small children without weakening myself or my pocketbook with liquor. *I consider my voluntary pledge of total abstinence, at the age of thirteen, as one of the turning points of my life.*—*In The Vanguard* (New Zealand)

The Sun Dial

Serene he stands among the flowers
And only marks life's sunny hours.
For him dark days do not exist:
The brazen-faced old optimist!

—George Alison.

Temperatures of Coastal Waters

There are three temperature levels of water during the summer off the coast of Nova Scotia and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, according to the Natural Resources Department of the C.N.R. During the summer there is an upper warm layer, middle cold layer and bottom warm layer. In the winter time the upper layer gradually becomes cold but the other two layers remain practically the same. The knowledge of these temperature levels is of great value in the deep sea fishing industry.

Geologist estimate that during the Ice Age more than 2,000 feet of glacier ice covered what is now the town of Jasper, Alberta.

THE HUNGER YEAR

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gravely across the top of the crude plank table at Merritt.

"Merritt," he said to his son and then paused for several seconds. "We've got to kill one of the oxen."

Next morning before rising Merritt lay awake on his bed. They would kill the one ox that morning and its meat would supply food for several months if they could salt it enough to keep it fresh in this heat. But before winter they would have to kill the other animal, then there would be no work animal with which to till the fields if they succeeded in finding seed grain before next spring. Prospects certainly were black, Merritt thought, but they could only fight it out and wait. If they only had that part bag of flour that had been lost in the creek the month before by Shingoos. . . .

"It's too late to think of that now," Merritt told himself sternly, "so forget it! Why didn't you tell Shingoos he would have to pay back the debt he owed?"

Merritt and his dad stepped outside a few minutes later. Everything was ready for butchering the ox. But just outside the cabin door Merritt stopped abruptly and gripped his father's arm.

"Look, dad," he exclaimed. "A canoe beached down by the creek!"

* * *

THEY started down toward it hastily. But even before they had covered half the distance between the beach and cabin they could make out the contents of the birch-bark craft. Merritt gripped his father's arm again.

"Dad!" he called it out in his excitement. "That canoe is filled with bags of flour and grain!"

Merritt felt over the bags quickly when he reached the side of the canoe.

"There's four bags of flour and two bushels of wheat!" he cried. "And there doesn't seem to be anyone around, either."

"Whoever left it here has walked on up the creek," Mr. Kirby said, "for here are his tracks." And he pointed to moccasin prints in the sand.

"It must be from the Niagara mill," Merritt reasoned, "because there are no other mills near here that have not closed down."

"Just some hunter or Indian who was lucky enough to get supplies," Mr. Kirby said. "He'll soon be back after it, but maybe we could buy a bag of flour from him or trade him something for it."

But just at that moment Merritt's eyes singled out an object between the sacks on the canoe bottom. He bent over and examined it more closely, then turned to his dad.

"No, dad," he stated, his voice quiet and firm now and all his excitement gone. "The traveller who left this canoe won't be back; he expects us to use that flour and seed grain."

Mr. Kirby turned on his son quickly.

"Why, son, that's enough flour to last until next spring and plenty of seed grain, too."

Merritt nodded, silent.

"How do you know?" his father blurted out breathlessly.

Merritt pointed to a paddle in the canoe bottom. The totem carved in the handle was the form of a weasel.

FIRST CAMP

THIS day is camp day. For children and mothers
This day is far more important than others.
Hatchet and dungarees; stout shoes for hiking;
Rain coat and blanket roll, tied to Dad's liking.
Will she be homesick, this first time away,
Lost in the crowded yet long routined day?
Toothbrush and comb; new middies; no pillows.
She will fish and catch turtles under the willows . . .
Will she remember how deep is the lake?
She swims uncertainly. . . . The list says to take
Bible and Scout book; camera and light
To use on the hikes they may take in the night;
Hankies and postcards. She'll grow and find new
Joy in companionship, gay new things to do:
Campfires and boating; plays, "sings" and charades;
Walks in sun-spattered, flower-sprinkled glades. . . .
You know the doubts in my hesitant heart—
Dear God, keep her safe for me while we're apart!

—By Revah Summersgill in 'Hygeia'.

He Will Return—When We Want Him Enough

A FRIEND of mine lived for a time among the Eskimos. He found them to be a friendly folk with a keen sense of humor. But they are shy, like all primitive peoples, in regard to their religious beliefs and rites.

As often as he asked about such things, they looked at him with a silent smile, like a child who believes in fairies.

At last, however, he won the confidence of an old chief, who felt that my friend was sincere. They talked freely about the faith, legends and rituals of the tribe; why they did certain things, what they meant by the totem and other strange symbols used in their worship. My friend was deeply touched by what he heard and learned.

* * *

GOD used to live among men, said the old chief. But men, wearied by His oversight, no longer paid any heed to Him, and He abandoned us. God went away, they say, and with Him all that makes our happiness. Women have become restive, men wicked. We must find God again; we need Him—how are we to get God to return to us? he asked.

God is unwilling to return, the old man went on sadly. So we try to replace Him. The people need God. We tell them that these queer pieces of wood, these odd stones, these brightly colored objects, are God. They will become accustomed to them. Perhaps, some time, God will return. Yes, we are wicked, but will He forsake us forever?

* * *

MY friend was strangely stirred as he listened. It was like a glimpse into the hidden soul of mankind, as if he stood at the fountain head of all religion. He felt that in the depths of the soul, all men are akin in their faith, fears, hopes, needs and longings. He was in a holy place, and walked softly.

Also, down in his heart he felt that all the world is in much the same plight.

The whole world is waiting for God, having driven Him away by its wilfulness, its vanity, its wickedness. Its forms and symbols of faith remain, but they are empty emblems of something gone. Restive we are, troubled and tormented, waiting for God to return?

—J. F. Newton, in *Christian World*.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JULY 19, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Blessed be God from everlasting to everlasting.—Ps. 41:8.
Mon. : Underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33:27.
Tue. : The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.—Ps. 103:17
Wed. : Thy righteousness is everlasting.—Ps. 119:142
Thu. : In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Isa. 26:4
Fri. : With songs of everlasting joy.—Isa. 35:10
Sat. : With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.—Isa. 54:8

INTERCESSION

IN particular intercession, let us bear on our hearts before our Father's throne of grace:

All soldiers, sailors and airmen.

All mothers and wives who are sorrowing or depressed, or anxious for their loved ones because of the present stress.

The youth of all lands, growing up in these distracting years, praying for them wisdom to discern "the things that belong unto their peace."

Those who suffer for race or faith or conviction in persecution and loss of livelihood, in conquered territories, in prisons and concentration camps; and all prisoners of war.—Methodist Recorder.

FROM SELF TO GOD

The Bishop of Rangoon, in the course of a recent sermon in Rangoon Cathedral, said—

"IN our extremity we turn to God. Turning to God means 'blood and toil, sweat and tears.' For everybody it means turning from something. It is crucifixion. It is the cross to turn from blame to apology, from criticism to gratitude, from prejudice to insight, from softness to discipline, from resentment to forgiveness, from wanting my way to God's way, from self to God.

"God has for each of us, for our country and Empire, a design far beyond our imagining. We want to see that design and back it with our lives.

"Millions have died on man-made crosses because individuals and nations have refused the cross of simple obedience to the will of God.

"Individuals, a nation, an empire, turning to God—this is to put the Cross in the heart of the nation's life. It is the way to national resurrection and the nation that "doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

SO MUCH TO DO

"The World for Christ" our watchword is!
This is the end we have in view,
But everywhere today we find—
"So little done, so much to do."

Two thousand years ago, Christ said—
"My Gospel preach the wide world through."
Yet millions know not His great love—
"So little done, so much to do."

Have we this solemn charge fulfilled?
Have we to Christ's command been true?
Can we be blameless while there is
"So little done, so much to do."

That you the Lord's "Well done!" may hear,
Help with your prayers and money, too,
That of your duty none may say—
"So little done, so much to do."

"The World for Christ"—it must be won
And God is calling some of you,
To wipe away this great reproach—
"So little done, so much to do."

—Living Message.

"THE evils which find extreme embodiment in Nazism have infected deeply the whole life of Western Society, including our own country. Their eradication is a stupendous undertaking. Nothing but an outburst of new spiritual energies will avail for the task. But that is a gift which it may please God to give us, if we humbly put ourselves in His hand."—Dr. J. H. Oldham in 'The Listener'.

It is useless to attempt to listen to God unless we are willing to obey His orders when they come through.—*—Methodist Recorder,* London.

We find faith by removing its rivals. The great rival of faith is not doubt; it is pride—the kind of pride which makes self the measure and critic of all things.—S. M. S.

"If we really begin in our own lives and homes to spread a spirit of unity, co-operation, unselfishness and love, we can save the world from utter destruction."

As you are, so will the world be. That is God's message to the youth of every nation.

GOD AND THE WAR

If you think clearly and deeply enough, you will see that the war is not a denial of God's existence, but a very clear proof of it: for when we try to live as if there were no God, and no moral law that is binding upon us all alike, as all the nations have done these past years, then we find we have created a world which we cannot manage, and it thrusts us back on God once more. And as men feel their need for divine help, they begin to pray again; and again the ageless miracle begins. "The Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters. And God says, Let there be light. And there is light."—Sel.

Searchings of Heart

"Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee, as Thou deservest: to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we do Thy will. Amen."

"A SPIRITUAL motive force, more powerful than our desire for security and profits, is at this moment an imperative necessity. With this aim we can work together to ensure for the world the economic prosperity and the foundations of peace."

Young People's Bible Reading

The Art of Living Well

by BERAN

For Sunday
JULY 28, 1940.
Prov. 1:7-10;
Isa. 5:1-30;
Gal. 6:7-9.

THERE were three classes of Jewish teachers. The Priests were the men of the written law and of verbal tradition, the Prophets of direct "inspiration" and the "Wise" of acute and considered observation.

The gate of every Hebrew city was a "School of Wisdom." There the elders assembled to discuss public questions, to dispense justice and to engage in conversation. And there young men listened to their discussions and now and then, like Elihu, ventured to take part in them.

The prophet handled great questions. The "wise man" instructed in the conduct of everyday life. "Wisdom" to the Hebrews was "the art of living well."

Solomon was eminent among "Wise Men" (1 Kings 4:29-34)—though like many "wise men" before and since he failed tragically through not taking his own advice.

The Book of Proverbs is one of the "Wisdom Books" of the Bible. Open it almost anywhere and you will find excellent advice packed into small compass. You will also find that Solomon and the other "wise men" were not deficient in humor.

Our Book of Proverbs is made up of five small collections.

The first verse is the Title: "The Proverbs of Solomon, the Son of David, King of Israel." The following four verses are an Introduction explaining the purpose of the whole Book,—to instruct the inexperienced and to increase the understanding of the wise.

The life of the Hebrews was attuned to God. Their "Wisdom" had the same great background as the Law and the Prophets. The motto for the whole Book of Proverbs is,

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning
of knowledge
But the foolish despise Wisdom and
Instruction.

"Fear is the key-note of O. T. piety; not slavish fear but reverence and humility." (Dummelow) Reverence is the foundation of all true wisdom.

Verses 7 and 8 are a little poem,

"My son, hear the instruction of thy
father,
And forsake not the law of thy
mother;
For they shall be a chaplet of grace
to thy head,
And chains about thy neck."
(Modern Reader's Bible)

The teacher addresses the learner as "My son." He directs him to learn from his father and mother. The Hebrews did not depend for the most part on official teachers. Father and Mother were to instruct their children in religion and conduct (Deut. 6:4-9 and many other passages).

The good, religious family life has been the strength of the Jewish people all down the ages. The decay of "home religion" is a peril to our civilization.

Ornaments of grace.—"A chaplet of grace." "At banquets the heads of the guests were crowned with garlands." (Dummelow) For chains see Gen. 41:42; Dan. 5:29. The boy or girl who loves and honors Father and Mother, is as it were crowned with flowers and made honorable in the sight of everyone.

If sinners entice thee.—Temptations will come but we can resist them through trust in God and in the strength of the influence of a Godly Home.

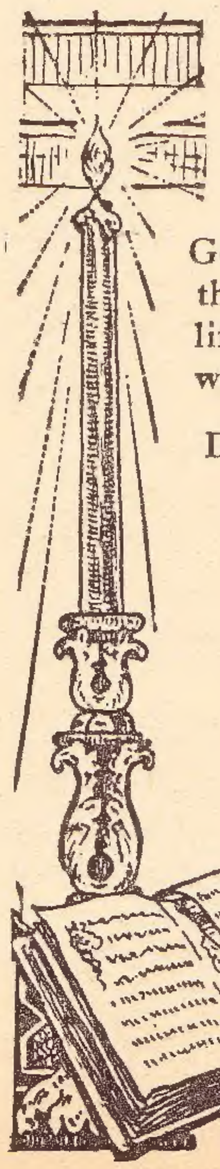
Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.
—Charles Kingsley.

* * *

What we want is . . . the firm conviction that not by criticism, but by sympathy, we must understand; what we want is more reverence, more love, more humanity, more depth.—F. W. Robertson.

* * *

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though the path be dark as night:
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right,"
Let the road be dark and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Face it bravely! strong or weary—
Trust in God and do the right.
—N. Macleod.



Memory Verse

Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.—I Tim. 4:8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From July 22 to July 28.

Mon.—Prov. 1:1-10
Tue.—Isa. 5:8-17
Wed.—Gal. 6:1-9
Thu.—Prov. 4:10-19
Fri.—Eccles. 12:9-14
Sat.—I. Cor. 3:10-17
Sun.—Psalm 26:1-12.

THE MINSTREL-PROPHET

COMMERCIAL prosperity in the two little kingdoms of Israel and Judah, 250 years after Solomon's time, had brought with it many social evils.

Large estates had eaten up the patrimony of the small land-holders, the poor were oppressed, justice was perverted, luxury and wrongful indulgence prevailed in high places. Religion had sunk into formalism. Some people resorted to idols, others to various superstitions, others had become indifferent.

The young Isaiah, a relative of the Royal House had become as we say "converted." His vision of God (Isa. 6) sent him out to try to bring his people back to God and goodness.

Modern authorities on advertising say that the great thing is to get the public to "stop and look." Then is the time to recommend your product. The Hebrew prophets had developed this fromula 3,000 years ago.

One day,—as I picture it in my mind,—Isaiah came to the gate or the market place fo Jerusalem carrying a minstrel's harp.

(Through the whole of this fifth chapter of Isaiah verse and prose alternate.)

He ran his hand over the strings and people "stopped and looked." He began a song about a vineyard and they "listened."

Then suddenly came his application. "The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His pleasant plant; and He looked for judgment and behold oppression; for righteousness but behold a cry."

Before they can recover from their surprise he continues his chant, and now he is definite in his charges. First of all he sings against the grasping land-monopolists who were at the root of the country's evils.

Then—perhaps ironically striking a festal note on his harp,—he sings of their careless feasts:

Woe unto them
That rise up early in the morning
That they may follow strong drink:
That tarry late into the night

THE INNER LINE

BEHIND the roaring cannon, behind the flashing steel,
The defenders of the Inner Line steady and constant kneel;
Some bent, some grey or crippled, some three-score years and ten,
Just praying, always praying, for the Front Line fighting men.

These cannot lead a sortie, nor breast the ocean's foam,
But their frevent prayers as incense rise, from church and cottage home.
The poor man and the wealthy all form the Inner Line,
Linked by a common sorrow in brotherhood Divine.

You can hear old voices quaver, you can see the slow tears fall,
Yet the Inner Line keeps steady, England and honor call!
They pray, and who can measure such prayers' resistless might?
They trust the Lord of battles—He will defend the right.—C.E.N.

Till wine inflame them;
And the harp, and the lute, the tabret and the pipe
And wine are in their feasts:
But they regard not the work of the Lord,
Neither have they considered the operation of His hands!
(Modern Reader's Bible)

The luxury of the leaders has resulted in the impoverishment of the ordinary people, their drunkenness has caused others to perish of thirst.

Are gone.—Isaiah uses the "prophetic perfect." "The future is regarded as so certain that it is described as past." (Dummelow)

"Sheol," he says, "hath enlarged her desire." The world of the dead is as it were opening her mouth wide to swallow them up! The cities shall be desolate so that sheep of wandering Arabs shall graze among their ruins.

"A People Chained to Evil"

AGAIN his fingers seek the strings. Now the harp tells of bullocks straining with a too heavy cart. "The people have chained themselves to sin like beasts of burden." (Dummelow)

They scoff at God's judgments. They say in effect, "We are so strong and rich and secure that we can afford to laugh at God's ways. No harm can happen to us."

Through persistently shutting their eyes to the light they have lost sense of moral distinctions. They "call evil good and good evil."

They "are wise in their own eyes." They back their wrong-doing by specious reasoning.

Note Isaiah's sarcasm. They are "mighty" to drink wine and "men of strength" to mingle strong drink. Their greatest "might" consists in drinking and in concocting new drinks!

Luxury and self-indulgence have paved the way for "graft" and oppression. For the sake of bribes they "justify the wicked" and condemn the righteous.

Isaiah sees that these things will inevitably bring destruction on the nation.

The concluding verses (26-30) are a solemn chant. They describe the instrument through which God will punish His people. God will signal (v. 26) to the Assyrians and their tributary peoples. As a bee-keeper "hisses" to attract his swarm so God will call these nations. They shall march against Judah—as we see them marching in their own sculptures.

The Assyrian did come down "like a wolf on the fold." Foreign armies overran the country, took many cities and carried away many captives. Jerusalem stood alone. (Isa. 1:7-9) The Assyrian conqueror in one of his inscriptions tells how he has Hezekiah shut up in Jerusalem "like a bird in a cage."

But "shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith?" (Isa. 10:5-15).

Under Isaiah's appeals Jerusalem repented and God delivered her. (2 Kings 19; Isa. 37) These chapters all have a message for us today.

"Whatsoever a man soweth——"

WE pass to the New Testament. Paul visited Galatia on his first missionary journey and planted churches in the cities of Antioch, Iconium, Lystra tand Derbe (Acts 13:14—14:24) The Galatians became enthusiastic Christians and Paul had great hopes of them. Some time afterwards he heard that they were being carried away by false teachers. He writes them this short letter, sharp, stern and yet most affectionate.

Let us take up chap. 6:6-10. The word.—"A term used in the early church meaning the whole of Christian truth as preached and taught." (Adeney)

Communicate.—Conveys the idea of very intimate partnership between teacher and taught. Those who give their whole lives to teaching are to receive temporal support.

Mocked.—A very forcible word. Taken with the previous verse it seems to mean that those who pretended to be religious while they refused to help the work showed that they "despised" God.

There are other ways in which men "mock" God. By carelessness, by neglecting His call to live as His sons and daughters the life of purity and kindness. The people of Judah "mocked God" in Isaiah's time.

Whatsoever a man soweth.—This is the law of the harvest and it works out in life.

Unto the flesh . . . of the flesh. Unto the Spirit . . . of the Spirit.—In the previous verse the harvest depends on the nature of the seed,—as in the Parable of the Tares. Here the metaphor is changed. The "flesh" or "the Spirit" are regarded as the soil—as in the Parable of the Sower.

Corruption.—"A blighted harvest." What a picture of a wasted life.

Eternal life. (R.V.)—The life that lasts. The life that is "outside time." This not only refers to duration. It tells of quality. As we "sow to the Spirit" we root our life in God.

And let us not be weary.—"Never let us grow tired of doing what is right." (Moffatt) Don't let us lose courage while waiting for the harvest. Paul uses a little "pun" or play on words for "weary" here is derived from "kakon" "evil",—standing in contrast to "kalon" "well' in "well-doing."

Well-doing.—"Doing what is good and morally beautiful." (Adeney)

In due season.—The harvest comes at its appointed season. God has not forgotten it.

Opportunity. (v. 10) The same word as "season." The harvest will come at its "season." Let us not neglect the "season" for sowing.

"Train for the religious life," writes Paul to Timothy. (1 Tim. 4:7, 8) "Training of the body is of value up to a certain point but goodness is of value every way, both in this life and the life that is to come."

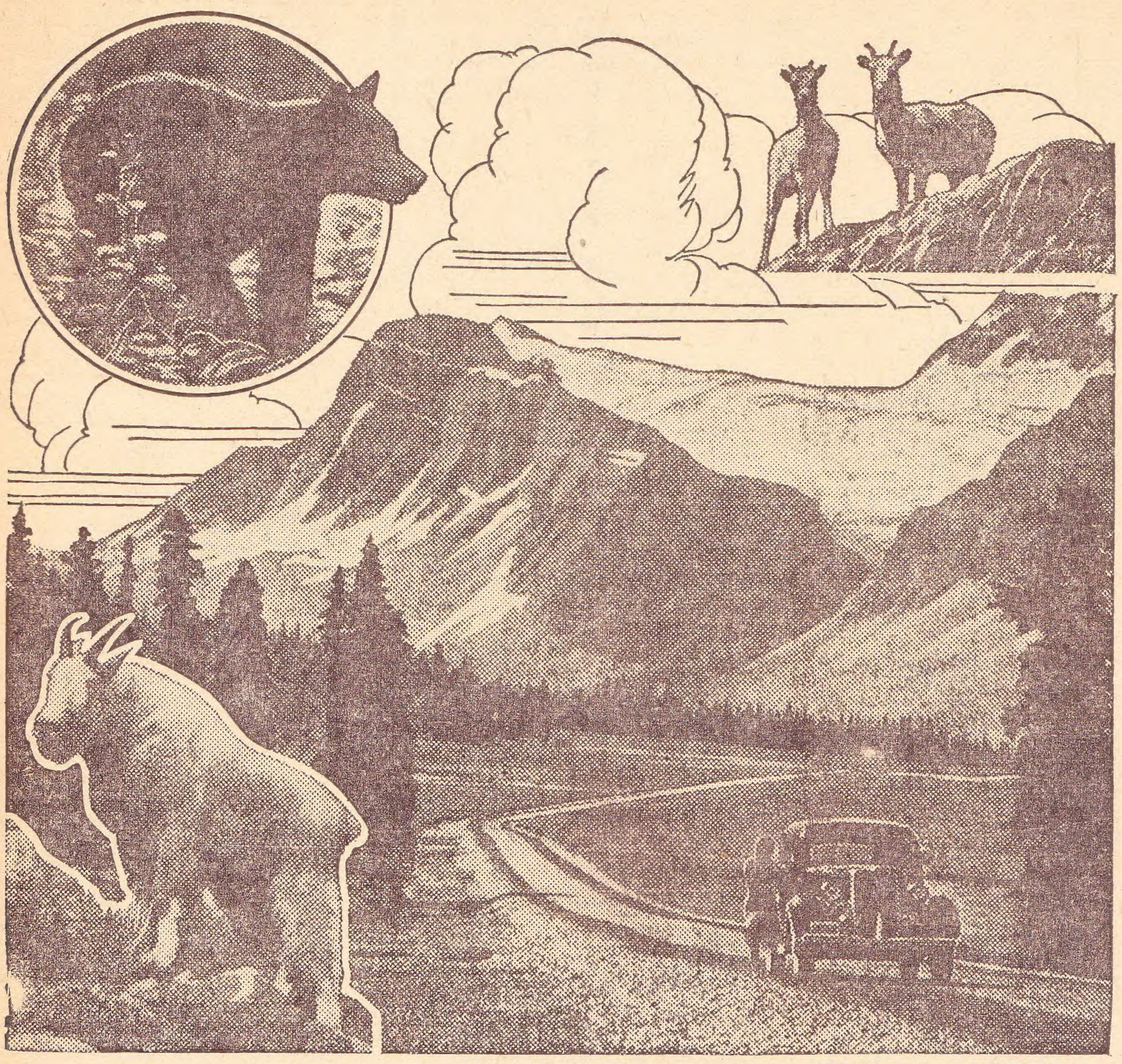
Questions

1. What did the "Wise Men" of the Jews teach?
2. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge" What does this mean?
3. Who taught the Jews besides the priests, prophets and "wise men"?
4. What were some of the sins of which the nation was guilty in Isaiah's time?
5. What did Isaiah say would happen if they persisted in these evils?
6. "Whatsoever a man soweth——" Complete the sentence.
7. "Let us not be weary in well doing——" Complete the sentence.
8. "Bodily exercise profiteth little." Put this in modern words.

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

Anybody can laugh and look happy for a moment, but cheerfulness is more lasting than a laugh. When you laugh, you evidence your own pleasure, but when you are cheerful, you present a permanent plan to please others.—"The Mental Spark Plug."

Rocky Mountain Scenery — Cool and Beautiful



(*By courtesy of C.P.R.*)

THIS mountain region is cut through by the valleys of a succession of wild, tossing rivers. Among its peaks are anchored impressive, age-old glaciers, which feed the streams. Jade-green lakes reflect the snowy tops, and down the mountain-sides fall roaring cataracts. Some of the peaks look for all the world as though huge paint pots had been spilled down their cliffs and terraces. Great spruce and pine forests flourish in this region. Bears, moose, elk and other big game abound. Here Nature has had a free hand, and the only intrusion of civilization has been to build highways and railroads so that travellers might view this grandeur from their cars or trains.

Who Pays for The War?

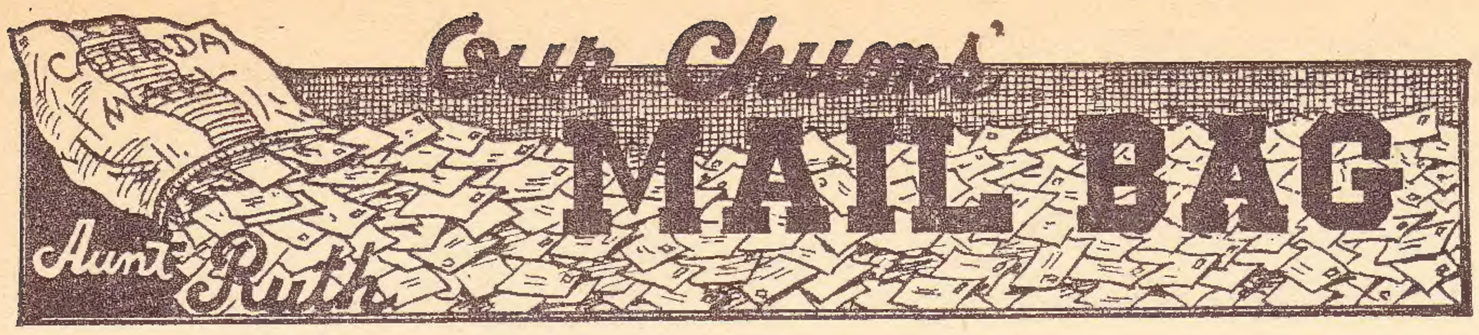
DOUBTLESS the liquor people will jeer and say that they are helping to pay for the war while the teetotallers are getting off. This is quite in the Dr. Goebbels' line of argument. We do not believe that to support an industry that is destroying food-stuffs and wasting labor is to support the war.

We are told that the restrictions on paper, etc., are not due to the fact that it is not available, but that the shipping space to convey it is limited. Recently an American paper drew attention to the fact that a United States steamer had sailed recently from a Scottish port with 160,000 cases of Scotch whisky for America. This is the biggest single shipment from Britain and amounted to 3,200 tons. "It is presumed," adds the paper, "that adequate escort was provided."

* * *

An unfortunate victim of the drink traffic established what is described as "a Belfast Court Record," when she made her 350th appearance, charged with drunkenness. She was fined 40s., but the amount, according to a Press report, "was not forthcoming," and she was consigned to jail for a month. This unfortunate was described as having no fixed address, evidently a wanderer from one public-house to another, whenever she can obtain a few pence. It is perfectly clear that this person must be just as well known to the tavern keepers as she is to the police, yet they go on supplying her, knowing her history and record. It is they who ought to be in the dock, and who, in any properly organized community, would be. Revenue!

How much has this woman cost the community in the administration of the law which has convicted her 350 times? And is there not something wrong with a nation that allows an organization calling itself a legitimate trade to drag down one of its citizens to such depths of misery and degradation for mere monetary profits?—Everybody's Monthly.



DEAR CHUMS,—

Summer holidays are at their height and I hope everyone of you is enjoying this grand weather and making the most of your chance to be out of doors. Drink in the sunshine. If you store up enough of it now you won't have to take it in the form of cod-liver oil next winter! And while we enjoy our holiday with grateful hearts, let us all the more remember to pray for those who under the summer skies of Europe are homeless, frightened, pitifully fleeing from the scourge of war. No holidays for them, no leisure to enjoy the sunshine, no peace anywhere. Our own blessings make us realize by contrast the sufferings and needs of others. May we lift our hearts continually in intercession for them. Keep on praying and when this time of trouble is over, still keep on praying. Make prayer a part of your daily lives. Then out of this time we shall have established one good habit that will stay with us always—the habit of turning to God continually every day for the answer to every need.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Marion Matheson from Marjorie Burgess

Dear Marion,—I read your letter through the Northern Messenger and was glad to know I have another pen-pal.

I passed my entrance on my year's work this June. I have one brother and one sister both older than myself. I also live on a farm seven miles south of St. Mary's, Ontario.

We have one little kitten. I am sure your lambs must be cute when they jump on their mother's back. We have some lambs too, but they are getting quite big now. We get the Northern Messenger from Sunday School every Sunday. I had better close now. Hoping to hear from you soon,—Marjorie Burgess, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your Mail Bag, although I have read the letters for many years. I have been tempted to write many times, but I have never done so until today, when I decided to write.

I tried my entrance exams this spring. I have a brother who is fourteen. He is trying his entrance this year too. He lost a year with sickness or he would have passed his entrance last year. I have a younger brother, too, who was two on the 29th of June, so naturally he is a favorite. My mother and father are both church people and we all attend church when we can.

There are fifteen pupils going to our school. Kenneth, which is my brother's name, and I both come home for our dinner every day. Our school is painted white on the outside trimmed with green.

I have a pet lamb which I feed with a bottle morning and night. He is a real chum, but sorry to say I have to sell him this summer. I have also a pet kitten; his name is "Fluffy."

Well, I guess I had better close now and leave room for other chums to write, hoping to hear from some other pen pals and also see my letter in print. Yours sincerely—Eris Proud, Ont.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

ERIS PROUD

Honorable Mention

MARGARET WELDIN

* *

My Garden

My garden is a friendly place.
When I pass by each flower face
Will nod at me and seem to say,
I thank you for your care today.
The full grown ones just beg of me
To pick them ere they cease to be.
They want to cheer the sick, the blind,
With sweet perfume their message kind.
So we should thank Him, while we may,
For food and raiment day by day,
For tender care by day and night,
And strength to do the thing that's right.
And like the flowers our time's not long,
To scatter sunshine all along.—Sel.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I have light green eyes and light brown curly hair. I have one sister named Helen. For pets I have a kitten. His name is Bill. I go to Sunday School and get the Northern Messenger. I read the letters in it. The daisies are in bloom. At school I passed into Grade IV. My sister passed from Gr. V to Gr. VI. Your friend,—Lorna Blades, N.S.

To Ella Riebel from Margaret Weldin

Dear Ella,—It has been a long time since I heard from you so I decided to write to you.

What are your hobbies? Mine are reading and sewing. I go to Domestic Science and I made two dresses for myself.

I am in Grade VIII now and my teacher in Grade VII was Miss Stewart.

I go to Sunday School every Sunday, but it is closed now for the summer. I also belong to the Canadian Girls In Training.

Do you go to the shore in the summer? We had our church picnic early this year; it was held on June 26th. We had races and prizes were given. What grade are you in at school? Is your school closed for the summer? Our school closed the 29th of June. I will close now. Hoping to hear from you soon. Your pen-pal,—Margaret Weldin.

Distress

MILDRED BOWERS

I have to rake the leaves,
And burn them in the alley,
I have to wash my face
And I mustn't dilly-dally.

I mustn't jingle silverware
When I wipe it dry.
I mayn't go barefoot
And I'm too old to cry!

—Child Life.

SITA'S ESCAPE

By A. O. Stott

For the Messenger.

SITA DAS was a little Hindu girl living in Madras in India. She had a very wealthy father of the highest caste and being an only child she was much loved and petted.

She had not to be married very young like most little Indian girls, because she had been born on a Friday and was a twin daughter, and so it was said that she would bring ill-luck to any other household she entered.

Sita was very happy in her beautiful home and filled up her days in worshipping the gods who favored and preserved her life when her twin sister died.

One of her ideas was to build a fine temple and have within it an image of herself bowing before a special goddess all made of gold. Having a clever, quick mind she decided she must learn to read all the oldest Indian sacred writings called the Vedas to know what the will of the gods really was. As the priests in the temples always contradicted each other she felt she wanted to know how to worship correctly, and must find out their instructions.

"My father," she kept on saying, "as you will not let me go to read books in a school lest I am put to learn with low caste girls, I want a teacher to come here. Cannot you find one for me?"

"My daughter, I will seek a suitable one. Perhaps the eldest girl of Judge Ramachandra might come as I understand she has been at the Women's College some years. I hear she will not consent to be married at present, so I will digest the matter."

* * *

SOME days later, weary with Sita's perpetual nagging—her father said he had made enquiries and Soo-boo was willing to come. He little knew that the young student was a secret believer in the hated Jesus religion, for Soo-boo was just waiting an opportunity to declare her faith. She was quite pleased to teach Sita and was well acquainted with the Vedas.

But it was not these old books of Indian religion which the older and younger girl read so much, for Soo-boo had a New Testament hidden in the loose folds of her graceful Sari (garment). She soon managed to get Sita a copy for herself and as they read it together the little girl opened her heart to her Saviour and grew to love Him too.

When Soo-boo left, the seed she had sown quickly sprang up and Sita felt she must confess her new faith. Alas! her father whose love for her had always been so great, turned upon her so fiercely that she was frightened by his terrible anger. Her mother tried to "change her heart" by extra love and petting and doing all she possibly could to persuade Sita to go on worshipping the household gods, but in vain. Then she was starved, beaten and treated like an outcast in the home, but she bore it all bravely and remained firm in her loyalty to Christ.

* * *

ONE day she accidentally overheard her father planning to send her to a very distant city to be made a little priestess in a Hindu Temple. Well she knew if that happened she would never get away, but be forced to worship the idols and take part in all the evil rites and ceremonies.

Sita had patiently borne much pain and distress in the hope of winning her parents to believe in her new faith, but now she felt she must try to escape from home at all costs. In this she was wonderfully helped, for it happened one night that a fire broke out in the house and in the general confusion she was able to slip away without being noticed. Of course she could have been forced to return, as she was so young, but Soo-boo managed to get her sent secretly to the Missionaries in a distant town, and to Sita's surprise her father made no effort to trace her. This was due to the fact that he had been very badly injured in the fire and his wife was wholly occupied in caring for him, and she also believed the return of Sita might bring "bad luck of his death."

"The old priest was right when he said at her birth that the marks on her head meant evil and mischief; now we know it was true for I have never forgotten his warning." So her mother persuaded her husband to have a Hindu ceremony which publicly proclaimed a man to be childless.

* * *

THEY made an image, about the same size as Sita, of clay and straw which they laid on a stretcher like a dead body and carried through the streets of Madras. All the relatives followed the hired mourners wailing and crying, "Sita is dead, Sita is dead. Ram Das her father is childless for ever."

Sita was told by Soo-boo of the ceremony and how the image of herself was burned by the river in the place of the dead. The ashes were then given to her mother who started out on foot to beg her way to the Ganges to cast them into its sacred waters. This she did in hopes of restoring her husband to health and only Sita knew what it would cost her delicate mother to walk all those hundreds of miles to atone for her child's turning from the idols.

Her heart was very sore as she thought about it all, but she knew that her Saviour would help and strengthen her. Had He not promised to provide for the fatherless children and orphans?

"The old Sita is truly dead," she would say, "it is a new Sita who lives now and I must try to grow daily in likeness to my Saviour."

Her desire is certainly coming to pass, for what people notice most about Sita, now called "Joyini" is that she seems to become more like Jesus every day.

A Forest Giant of the World's Slowest Growing Trees

AN important little tree is growing in a sheltered part of the shrubbery at the beautiful railway station in Auckland, New Zealand's seaport city.

It is a kauri sapling that has grown about seven feet in five years and is now nine feet high. It has a long way to grow before it is as big as Tane Mahuta, the goliath of big kauri trees, which is considered to be at least 1200 years old.

The kauri pine is one of the slowest-growing trees in the world, as well as one of the biggest when full-grown. Trees now being felled to provide the valuable kauri timber were growing long before even the brown-skinned Maoris landed in New Zealand centuries ago.

One wonders what will become of this little kauri sapling that has been planted in the heart of Auckland City. It is about ten years old; Auckland City is only 99. If the kauri tree is not disturbed it should still be growing in the year 2939. By that time Auckland, one of the youngest cities in the world, will be as old almost as London is today.

We are all growing up. Even the slow-growing kauri trees and the young cities of the New World are growing in strength and vigro.—Sel.

Help us, that with eager mind
We may learn both fact and rule,
Patient, diligent, and kind
In the comradeship of school.

"Keep your face always toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you"

Brightest Stars are Nearest

By Sir Frank Dyson, F. R. S.

THE first great astronomical discovery was that the Earth was a sphere of 8,000 miles diameter. The next was that it turned round its axis in a day, and, accompanied by the Moon, went round the Sun in a year.

Then followed the discovery of the Solar System with large planets, including the Earth, all controlled and moving round the Sun.

The stars were incidental to these discoveries because of their fixity in the sky relatively to one another. Orion and the Great Bear look exactly as they did thousands of years ago. One great argument used against the Copernican system was that the relative positions of the stars should change as the Earth moves round the Sun. The only reply was that the distances are so immense that no differences can be detected from view points millions of miles apart. This proved to be correct.

Gradually, the view prevailed that the stars were self-luminous bodies like the Sun. Newton, by considering the small amount of light received on Saturn from the Sun, and reflected to us, and comparing this light with that given by the brightest stars, showed that these stars must be at least 100,000 times as far away as the Sun.

Next, Halley showed that three of the brightest stars had slightly moved relatively to other stars since the time when their positions in the sky had been correctly determined by Greek astronomers. He concluded that, as these were some of the brightest stars in the sky, their movement was an additional reason for believing them to be comparatively near.

You Will Be No Wiser

EFFORTS were made by many astronomers to determine the distance of several of the brightest stars. They said: "If the Earth is at one time of the year 93 million miles from the Sun, then six months later it will be 186 million miles from its first position, and any star which is much nearer than the surrounding stars will have changed its position relatively to the background." If you hold your finger up at arm's length and look at it first with one eye and then the other, you will see how it appears to shift with reference to the objects on the wall of the room.

It is just a hundred years ago since Bessel measured the distance of 61 Cygni. This star is not very bright but was chosen because of its rapid motion across the sky. After a series of very accurate measures he found it to be 700,000 times as distant as the Sun.

The very next year, another star, Centauri, was found by Henderson to be 300,000 times the distance of the Sun. This is actually the nearest star to us. During the last century the distances of 80 stars were found.

In the present century, thanks to large photographic telescopes, the distances are so large that they are conveniently expressed in "light-years" or the number of years the light takes to reach us. The nearest star is 4.3 "light years" distant, and if you remember that light travels 11 million miles a minute, you can calculate its distance in miles. But you will be no wiser, for such large figures convey little meaning, and it is best to start a new scale remembering that one "light year" is 70,000 times the distance of the Sun.

It is possible, though difficult, to compare the light of the Sun with the light of a star. The Sun is found to give us 20,000 million times as much light as Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. But if Sirius, which is distant 9 "light years", were as near as the Sun, it would give 27 times as much light.

Colors of the Stars

WHEN we know the distances we are thus able to compare the intrinsic luminosities of the stars with the Sun. They vary very greatly. Some are ten thousand times are bright and some only one-thousandth. The Sun is rather above the average in luminosity.

When viewed in a large telescope, many stars are found to be double. When observed, year after year, they are found to circulate round one another by reason of their mutual attraction. Some take only a few years, but others may take hundreds. If the distance of the pair of stars from us is known, it is easy to calculate how far apart they are. These are usually comparable with the distance of the Earth from the Sun, often between 10 and 20 times.

When the complete period of revolution is also known, it becomes possible to calculate the sum of the masses of the two stars. It is seldom more than 10 times, or less than a half that of the Sun.

We conclude, therefore, that though there is a wide range in luminosity, there is a comparatively small range in the masses of the stars.

(To Be Continued.)

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The reporter was questioning the oldest inhabitant.

"You say you are 100 years old?" queried the reporter. "And have you lived in this village all your life?"

"Oh, no, sir," was the reply. "Not yet!"

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READIN

1. The art of daily conduct.
2. Reverence for God is the foundation of all true wisdom.
3. The Fathers and Mothers.
4. Selfishness, luxury, dishonesty, drunkenness.
5. The nation would suffer punishment.
6. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."
7. Galatians 6:9.
8. "Training of the body is good up to a certain point."

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Keep your WITS WORKING

What Bird is This?

A little bird with white breast. Builds in any hole in a tree that suits his small requirements. The nest is very cosy lined with leaves and feathers. Eggs are white speckled with reddish brown.

A very busy bird, a great hunter of insects going right through a tree and poking his nose under every loose piece of bark.

He never gets dizzy though when you see him hunting his heels are often higher than his head.

HIDDEN BIBLE CHARACTERS

In each of the following sentences is concealed the name of some character mentioned in the Bible:

That girl keeps singing the livelong day.

How soon can a ball game be started?

He bought the article because he thought it useful.

Most of us love summer above all other seasons.

That was a lovely cushion she made.

Farmer Jones has the best herd of cattle in the county.

The prisoner's escape terminates the case.

Some rut his car has got into.

RIDDLES

1. Who was the best runner in the world?
2. How many ants make a landlord?
3. What letter of the alphabet goes all round Great Britain?
4. Which is the most awkward time for a train to start?
5. What did the engine-whistle say to the stoker?
6. Why should the poet have expected the woodman to "spare that tree"?
7. Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
8. What is it that goes with a train, stops with a train, is no use to a train, and yet the train cannot go 10 yards without it?
9. Why is the letter "A" like 12 o'clock?

FAMOUS OLD RECIPE FOR A SCRIPTURE CAKE

4½ cupfuls of 1 Kings 4:22.
1½ cupfuls of Judges 5:25 (last clause).
2 cupfuls Jeremiah 6:20.
2 cupfuls 1 Samuel 30:12.
? cupfuls Nahum 3:12.
cupful of Numbers 17:8.
tablespoonfuls 1 Samuel 14:25.
6 tablespoonfuls of Jeremiah 17:11.
½ cupful of Judges 4:19 (last clause).
A pinch of Leviticus 2:13.
Season to taste 2 Chronicles 9:9.
1 teaspoonful of Amos 4:5.
Follow Solomon's prescription for making a good boy, and you will have a good cake.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Answers to Riddles.—They are both surrounded by Greece (grease). 2. Your portrait. 3. November and December. 4. The Multiplication table. 5. Because she's a mountin'. 6. A cord of wood.—Sent in by Patracia B. German, Ont.

Rhyming Riddle — Toronto. (Indian: Meeting Place.)

LETTER GOLF

Rain, rail, sail, soil, coil, cool, pool.
Hand, band, bond, fond, font, foot.

AN ENGLISH PUZZLE

If B mt put :
If B . putting :

Gasps and Giggles

Mere Men

Shortly after the conclusion of the honeymoon a husband, on arriving home one evening, found his wife in tears. Between her sobs she managed to make him understand that something terrible had happened.

"Dearie," she sobbed, "it does seem too awful that the very first meat pie I should make for you should be eaten by the cat!"

"That's all right, my love," said the husband, patting her on the shoulder in his anxiety to soothe her. "I'll soon get you another cat!"

Young Jimmy had been taken to a concert by his father. It was the first he had heard, and his mother was eager to learn how he liked it.

"Daddy thinks it was a good concert," she said. "The band played very well. What do you think, Jimmy?

"Oh, it was pretty good," said the boy off-handedly. "They played well because they had to."

"Whatever do you mean?" asked mother, mystified.

"Well, they had a man in front of them threatening them with a stick," explained the boy.

POISON IVY MENACE

THERE are still many sequestered nooks and rocky beauty spots beyond the reach of the plough where poison ivy may be encountered. Poison ivy prefers the wildwood, so do holiday makers. Hence the need for caution.

Poison ivy has many guises. It may appear as a low shrubby patch, or as a fence border, or as a climber like the Virginia creeper. Each stem of poison ivy bears three smooth, even glossy, leaves. Those of the Virginia creeper are in fives. In early summer poison ivy grows whitish flowers on green stalks, later to become dull whitish berries, each the size of a field pea. The Virginia creeper, which is is not poisonous has clusters of blue fruit on red stalks.

The active element of poison ivy is an oil which permeates the plant in the root, stem, leaf, flower, fruit and even to the easily detached hairs. Breaking or brushing any part of the plant liberates the oil to come in contact with the exposed parts of the person touching it.

The first sign of infection is usually a slight itching, followed by a faint blush of the skin. The itching increases, and from a few hours, or days perhaps, numerous blisters or there may be only one blister, appear.

In mild cases, immediate scrubbing with strong laundry soap will effect a cure, if the scrubbing is done before the oil really penetrates the skin.

In severe cases, the treatment most widely recommended is potassium permanganate which has for its purpose the destruction of the poison itself by oxidation. The parts are swabbed with a three per cent. solution, made somewhat weaker if the skin is particularly sensitive.

Once blisters have been formed, rubbing should be carefully avoided.

If baking soda, boracic acid, or other cooling substances are used, no application should be made when the sores are oozing. Otherwise a crust may be formed, and the condition aggravated. A pamphlet giving full information may be obtained free from the Publicity and Extension Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.—Sel.

Very Sensible

During a recent examination at a public school one of the questions set was the following:

"If King Alfred were alive today, what would be his views on (a) Conscription, (b) Universal Suffrage, (c) the Press, (d) Polo?"

A boy with a very logical and practical turn of mind wrote:

"If King Alfred were alive today, he would be too old to take any interest in any of these things."—Ex.

Perserving Young Vegetables

FRENCH BEANS should be gathered when they are young and only about half-grown. Cut off the ends, but do not slice. Cook in boiling salted water for five minutes. Turn them into a hair sieve, and run cold water in them to cool them. Melt borax in the proportion of a dessertspoonful to a quart of water. Let it cool. Pack the beans closely in bottles. Put a teaspoonful of salt in each, well fill with the borax water, and sterilise in the same way as for peas.

Peas and Beans may also be preserved in salt, and will keep for quite a long time. Earthen-ware pans or large glass jars can be used. Put first a layer of salt, then a layer of shelled peas or whole young beans, and repeat the layers until the jar is full, the last layer being salt. Cover with a cloth to keep out dust, and store in a cool, dry place. When you wish to use some, take out what you need, and wash them thoroughly in running water to get rid of the salt. Then leave them to soak in cold water for at least six hours. Cook in the usual way, but do not use salt in the water.

* * *

CARROTS should be chosen before they are fully grown. The early shorthorn carrots are the best for this purpose. Wash them and place them in boiling water to which has been added a small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to two quarts of water. Continue boiling for five minutes. Let them cool, then rub off the skins. Pack them closely in bottles with half a teaspoonful of salt in each. Fill the bottles with cold water. Stand them in the boiler in cold water, bring slowly to the boil, and sterilise for two hours. Then open and fill up with boiling water and screw down tightly at once. Store when cold.

* * *

TOMATOES should be almost ripe, small and sound. Use large bottles and fill them; put small teaspoonful of salt in each. Fill with cold water. Bring to the boil and let them remain for 25 minutes after the water boils. Finish as for carrots.

God Calls a Leader

HE was so quiet that one could not imagine him ever being a leader. He was an Indian Christian, brought up in the Christian faith, but he had never found Christ as a living personal friend. His home life was very unhappy. Sometimes for days and weeks husband and wife never spoke to each other. Then one day, he came to one of our Bible studies. He became interested, and was soon a regular attendant at the Bible studies and the prayer meetings. There came a day when he realized that "He that is in Christ Jesus is a new creation" —that even a born Christian must be born again.

About this time a great sorrow came into their home. Their only little daughter, a child of six was taken from them. From this time on, his wife's attitude gradually changed. The home life became more normal, and finally she also began to want this way of life. As time went on, he became thrilled in the possibility of his being used to win others for Christ.

One of the first things which he had to face was absolute honesty with his wife. The Indian custom is for the husband to keep and spend the money, and the wife never knows what his income is, or how many bills he has. Therefore quarrels and misunderstanding over finances are one of the most common sources of marital troubles. It took quite awhile before our friend saw the need of breaking this custom and being absolutely frank and open with his wife. When he did, their daily worship together became very real and the home life was changed.

In the meantime he was being used of God. A Chinese family found a new experience of Christ. In Burmese, Anglo-Indian and Indian homes, where he had the opportunity, he was busy witnessing to what Christ meant to him. He has been especially used among Hindus, and just a few months ago another one of his converts was baptized into the Christian faith.—"After Seven Years in Pagoda Land."

On all his sad or restless moods
The peace of nature stole;
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul. —Whittier

So Little

It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheery clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand;
And we finish the task we long had planned;
And we lose the doubt and the fear we had—
So little it takes to make us glad.

—Ida G. Morris.

CHEAPER VEGETABLES

Did you know that the tempting looking 'heart' of a young, green cabbage is of lower food value than the outside leaves?

That is one of the items of information handed on by the Health League of Canada, in connection with the League's campaign to raise the standards of health and efficiency in Canada.

Moreover, says the Health League of Canada, since some of the value of cabbage—vitamins and minerals—are lost in boiling, cabbage salad is more nutritious than cooked cabbage.

It is pointed out, too, that price has little to do with the food value of vegetables. Brussels sprouts may cost three times as much as the humbler cabbage, but they are not one bit more nutritious. Canned vegetables, though they are put up in three grades: fancy, choice, and standard, are of equal value whatever the grade.

And here is a hint as to the cheapest way of obtaining tomato juice, without which lunch or dinner is not complete for a great many people: buy the lowest priced grade of canned tomatoes, says the Health League of Canada, and strain off the juice. The residue may be combined with other foods or used in soups.

One other suggestion: don't use soda to preserve the color in cooking green vegetables. Not only is it unnecessary if the lid is left off the pot, but it destroys the valuable vitamin C, says the Health League.

The Health League has published a new leaflet on Nutrition called—"How to Eat for Health and Victory." It will be sent free of charge to any citizen.

The Health League also suggest that "Food and War," a new booklet issued by the Canadian Medical Association is a valuable book for housewives to have.

In Answer To Inquiries

Food and Health a splendid quide to economy (reviewed in these pages six weeks ago) is published by the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JULY 19, 1940.

A LOVER OF PEACE SUPPORTS THE WAR

THERE is no more sincere lover of peace than the Rev. F. W. Norwood, former minister of the City Temple, London, and now of Vancouver, B.C. Dr. Norwood was born in Australia and served through the war of 1914-1918 in the Australian Chaplain Services. From his experiences in the army and from what he saw in Europe and elsewhere as the aftermath of the struggle, he learned to hate war with all the force of his earnest nature.

So deeply was he convinced of the necessity of peace for the happiness and progress of mankind that a few years ago his congregation of the City Temple gave him leave of absence so that he might go round the world in an endeavor to win the peoples and their rulers to a sane and brotherly spirit in international politics.

Dr. Norwood has just returned from a visit to the Old Country. Though as thorough an advocate of peace as ever, he feels that a Christian "cannot be neutral" in the present struggle. Speaking in St. James United Church, Montreal, he paid tribute to Mr. Churchill as one of Britain's greatest leaders. He said: "Churchill sees a situation clearly and states it boldly and this is the time for men of action such as he."

Interviewed by the press Dr. Norwood said that the solidarity of the British people was one of their greatest assets and "regardless of what mode of attack is adopted by Hitler, we will adapt ourselves to it and win out."

Regarding the schemes for child evacuation Dr. Norwood said that many details had still to be worked out. Plans were being worked out in true democratic style for the moving of all classes of population both rich and poor.

Dr. Norwood is doing a "good job" for the cause in which we are engaged by informing Canadians of the steadfastness and courage with which the people of Britain are facing the growing intensity of the bombing raids and the imminent threat of invasion.

Dr. Norwood's reputation as a Christian, as a hater of war and an advocate of peace will add emphasis to his support of Mr. Churchill's leadership. The war in which we are engaged is not so much a war between nations. It is a war between ideals and ways of life. The tyranny that threatens us is much worse than the tyrannies of the ancient world.

They seldom troubled to interfere with man's thoughts and inner life. The new tyranny makes its bitterest attack on this inner citadel.

The Church in the world is a "Church Militant." Christianity is at war with cruelty, injustice, falsehood. Can Christians afford to be neutral when powers which glory in cruelty, injustice and falsehood seek to enslave the world?

Ministers in Britain with their congregations are feeling the great seriousness of the situation. Christians are realizing that by their very Christian profession they are engaged in a Crusade, that it is not by sitting back in a pew and "feeling good" that we are "saved", but by giving ourselves to the service of God and of our country and the cause with which it has been entrusted. As the Rev. Pat McCormick of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields said the other day, Britain's new slogan is "Everything depends on me, and I depend on God."

THE WAR AND THE YOUTH CONGRESS

AT the fifth annual assembly of the Canadian Youth Congress which met in Montreal, a report was presented which while reaffirming allegiance "to the democratic traditions of our country and of the British Commonwealth of Nations" considered measures which had been taken by the Canadian Government for the prosecution of the War, "the War Measures Act, the Defence of Canada Regulations and the Mobilization Bill"—as "threats to our democratic institutions and our liberties."

One section of the report declared that "the vast majority (of Congress) delegates, felt that the Government had betrayed its election promises by introducing enabling legislation for mobilization."

The consequence was that a considerable number of delegates disassociated themselves and their associations from the congress.

There is certainly a place for a Youth Congress in the life of Canada. *The Messenger* for years back has expressed gratification at the way young people of many minds have come together to discuss matters of common interest. Youth is generous, youth is adventurous, and generosity and adventure are the great needs of the world.

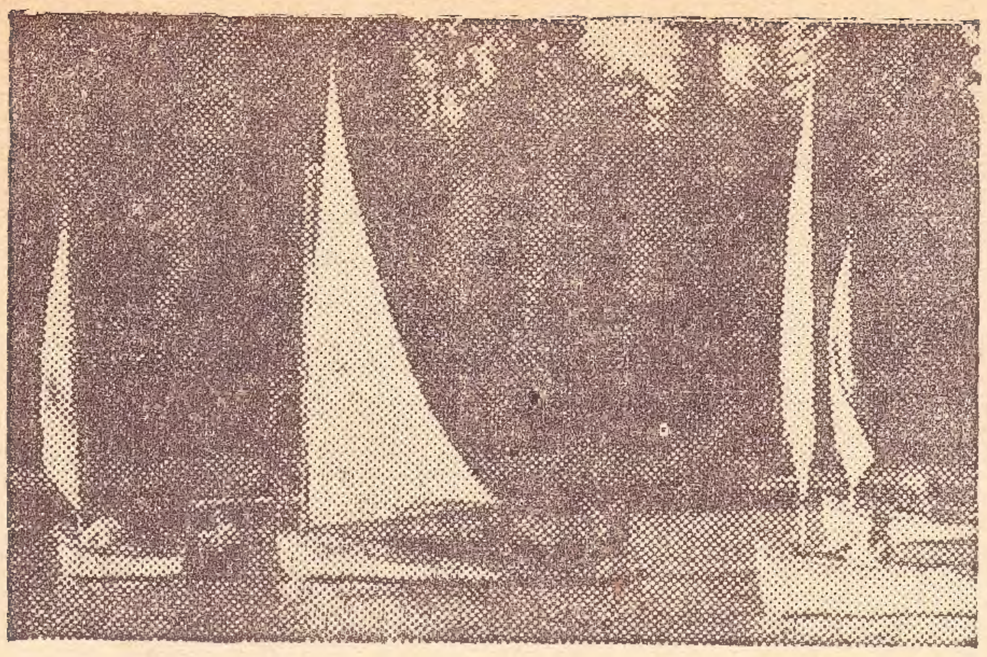
But there is a time for everything, and when a relentless foe is at our gates, he must be met by a united people. Hitler enforces unity in his ranks by methods of terrible cruelty. If we do not want to be subjected to the same tyranny we must have unity in our ranks by voluntary submission to the laws of our nation.

It is necessary that we should limit our liberties for a time, that we may keep them in perpetuity and hand them down unimpaired to those who will come after us.

The Congress critics of the Government seem to have forgotten that the democratic rights which they so rightly cherish would be all swept away if Hitler had his grip on Britain or on our country. In fact it is Britain that is standing between us and ruin.

The critics forget that over and over again in history the ways of life which render our Democratic rights possible have had to be upheld by force of arms against foreign invasion. This is not a new doctrine. It goes back in history to the defence of free democratic Greece against the totalitarian Persians at Marathon and Salamis.

A clause in the preamble of the report on Democracy and Civil Liberties at the Congress declared: "We reaffirm our opposition to any attempt to develop race hatred among nations, to pit youths of one land against the youths of another, and extend our support to the young people of all lands in our common fight against tyranny and oppression."



READY FOR THE REGATTA

WAR AND THE YOUTH CONGRESS

(Continued from Page 15.)

This is fine and noble. But what when "race hatred among the nations" has been inculcated as a creed by our enemies? Is it not necessary in that case to fight against it as it is embodied in the German nation?

We do not "inculcate hatred" of German youth, but we must fight to deliver them from the power that makes them a menace to themselves and to the world.

Oliver Cromwell wrote of his army, "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward they were never beaten and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat them continually."

We believe that the large proportion of the members of the Youth Congress "make some conscience in what they do." If the *Messenger* reaches any of these earnest young people we would urge them to fling themselves into work for the defence of Canada and the Commonwealth and all that these mean to our peoples and to the world.

When the enemy outside is defeated will be the time to discuss domestic hardships and apply appropriate remedies.

Riches

WE are not rich in the bank, but we have always prospered, and we have quite enough. I never walk out with my husband but I hear the people praise him.

I never go into a house of any degree but I hear his praises or see them in grateful eyes. I never lie down at night but I know that in the course of the day he has alleviated pain and soothed some fellow-creature in the time of need. I know that from the beds of those who were past recovery thanks have often gone up, in the last hour, for his patient ministration. Is not this to be rich?—A Doctor's Wife in Dickens.

Thinking Heavily

The idea that no human being can think of physical labor without flexing muscles is claimed by a Columbia University survey.

A professor arranged for three of his students to lift weights and then sit back in their chairs and "do the job all over again in their minds."

He found that the pupils could not imagine their weight-lifting efforts without unconsciously contracting their muscles.

More than that, an electrical indicator showed that when the students thought about lifting a *heavy* weight, their muscles were more active than when they thought about a lighter one.

How many of us imagine most of the weights of worry and anxiety on our minds? And how many of us could throw them off by casting all our troubles on God in prayer?—London Christian Herald.

Danger of Procrastination

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise,
He who defers this work from day to day
Does on a river's bank expecting stay
Till the whole stream which stopped him should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on. —Abraham Cowley.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—Samuel Johnson.

"IN doing good, we are generally cold and languid and sluggish, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand."—Edmund Burke.

When Iodine Was Scarce

A PRODUCT which is to be found in most homes and has widespread use, especially at the present time, is iodine. It is of interest, therefore, to learn that the last few years have seen revolutionary changes in the production and price of iodine.

According to an expert, a little iodine was made for many years in Scotland, France and Japan by burning seaweed and then washing the ash with water. This costly method moreover, governed the world price of iodine. At the same time, however, in Chile, where the bulk of the world's iodine was produced, the cost of extraction from huge nitrate deposits was only a shilling a pound.

Then Californian oil producers, compelled to dispose of their waste products, started to extract iodine from them. As a result the price of iodine dropped 500 per cent., and both Chile and California found a huge world market opened up.—Sel.

BAZEN DE SOUM

(Continued from Page 3.)

the way, but on each of our trips, he seemed to shoulder his share of the responsibility and to take it very seriously.

When I left St. Anthony in 1936, Dr. Curtis let me bring Bazen back to the United States again. We shared almost as many adventures in this country as we did on the coast, but at last for his comfort, I left him for longer and longer intervals in the care of Mrs. Frank Butcher at the Cote de Neige kennels in West Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Last year, Mrs. Butcher entered him in several dog shows, and he soon acquired a championship.

In May of this year, at the age of nine, Champion Bazen de Soum suddenly died, apparently of heart failure. —Anna Kivimaki.

The Unfinished Task

I STAND at the end of the past; where the future begins I stand;
Emperors lie in the dust; men may live to command;
Over my head the stars, distant and pale and cold;
Under my feet the world, wrinkled and scarred and old;
Back to me all that was, all the limitless past,
The future awaiting beyond, silent untenanted vast;
I at the centre of all that has been or that is to be—
The task still unfinished and now God and men are depending on me!

—*Burma News.*